

CORBETT REVIEWS THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS

LATIMER CLUES POINT TO CLARE

Police Learn that the Long Island City Burglar Writes with His LEFT HAND.

That Capt. Titus and his detectives are using every effort to implicate Henry Clare, alias Joseph H. Hays, in the burglary of the Long Island City, shown by the way his men are working. They have learned that CLARE IS LEFT-HANDED. So was the burglar, according to the description of him Mrs. Latimer gave at the inquest.

Capt. Titus's men have redoubled their efforts to trace Clare on the night of the burglary. Clare refuses absolutely to tell the detectives where he was that night.

Capt. Titus has learned that on June 27 last Henry Clare rented a Smith Premier Typewriter and signed the contract and nine promissory notes with his LEFT HAND. It was through his attempting to disguise this typewriter before he had paid for it that he was arrested.

Confederate Betrayed Him. His confederate, John Flanagan, was sent to pawn it, and when arrested was told the detectives to the home of Ernest Meier and his wife Annie, No. 350 Buckley street, Long Island City, where Clare was arrested.

Assistant Manager P. A. Abrahams, of the Smith Premier Company, No. 28 Broadway, rented the machine to Clare. He remembers him perfectly, and said today that Clare was wearing the same blue serge suit then that he had on when arrested.

"He was a pleasant fellow," declared Mr. Abrahams. "An easy talker and said he was a chemist with an office uptown and wanted to buy a typewriter. Clare stood at my desk, which was a high roll-top, and signed the contract and notes with his left hand. The peculiar position in which he had to stand to write with his left hand attracted my attention immediately."

Mrs. Latimer, in her description of the burglar, said the Corner in Brooklyn, was sure that the man held the lantern in the right hand and his revolver in the left hand. He had the revolver in his left hand, she said, when he shot her husband.

Theories of Police. According to the Berlin measurements of Clare the man who shot and killed the Latimer house would be about 5' 10" tall, 170 lbs., with a head 22 inches in circumference. The police believe that Clare sewed the "left" on the bottom of the shoe. They regard Clare as a peculiarly intelligent man and say that something to lead his footfalls would be the first thing he would think of.

Meanwhile Capt. Titus has issued instructions that his men are to work exclusively on trying to trace Clare's movements on the night of the Latimer shooting.

Clare is being held practically incommunicado in the Long Island prison. He cannot be seen except upon an order from the District Attorney.

He will be arraigned on Monday next.

KING EDWARD HELD COUNCIL ON YACHT.

Signed Proclamations Fixing Coronation for Aug. 9 After Consultation with Royal Advisers.

LONDON, July 25.—The Duke of Devonshire, President of the Council, and other members of the Privy Council, left here on a special train for Southampton today to attend a meeting of the Council on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, off Cowes, Isle of Wight, in which King Edward took part. This was the first meeting of the Council ever held in a similar place or under such circumstances.

The meeting was brief. King Edward signed proclamations fixing the coronation for Aug. 9 and making a bank holiday of the same date. The Privy Councilors, who had luncheon with the King, spent two hours on board the royal yacht.

Orders for the naval review, which is to take place off Spithead Aug. 18, were issued today. They provide for the assembling of a fleet Aug. 11 at Portsmouth, to consist of twenty-three battleships, twenty-four cruisers and twenty-nine torpedo boats, training ships and smaller craft.

CORONATION PLANS AGAIN UNDER WAY. LONDON, July 25.—The preparations for the coronation of King Edward have been resumed with full swing, but it is impossible to resume vivid public enthusiasm in the postponed event. It has now been decided that the whole route over which the royal carriage is to pass will be flushed, dried and then sprinkled with sand, thus forming a carpet which will reduce the vibrations of the vehicle.

The barriers will not be re-erected at all the cross streets intersecting the coronation route. Otherwise the original cord police regulations will be carried out.

Among the Stars. The Four-Track News for August will contain a wonderful article on Dr. Brooks and his family of comets. The article is entitled "A Journey Among the Stars," and is from the pen of Frank W. Mack, for years Eastern Manager of the Associated Press. The Four-Track News will be sent to any address in the United States, or any of its possessions, free, on receipt of five cents for single copy, or 50 cents for the year; or it will be sent to any country in the postal union on receipt of 10 cents per single copy, or \$1 for the year. Address, The Four-Track News, Grand Central Station, New York.

The Brighton A. C. leaders of the semi-professional league of Brooklyn will play the crack Castleton F. C. of Staten Island, at Brighton Park, Cleveland and Fifth Avenue, tomorrow at 4 o'clock.

WEALTHY WOMAN BADLY HURT.

Mrs. George A. Ellis, of Brooklyn, Knocked Down at Bay Shore by Dr. King's Horse.

(Special to The Evening World.)

BAY SHORE, July 25.—Mrs. George A. Ellis, of Brooklyn, a millionaire summer resident of this section, and Dr. George S. King, a very prominent physician of the place, are both lying at their homes here in a very serious condition as a result of the latter's horse becoming frightened by the autos of J. Campbell Smith and J. A. Pollon. King's horse became uncontrollable and tossed its owner out. The doctor's head struck a telephone pole and rendered him unconscious.

His head is badly cut, and it is feared his skull is fractured. King is twenty-eight years old and single. Mrs. Ellis was crossing the street at the time an auto was knocked down by Dr. King's horse. She was rendered unconscious and was carried to one of the village stores, where a corps of physicians worked over her. She was later taken home. She is thought to be seriously injured. She is about fifty years of age. Her son married Miss Grace Adams, daughter of Thomas Adams, of Brooklyn. The accident occurred on Main street, and drew a large crowd.

CORN THIEF STABS FARMER. Marnadine Italian Drives a Knife Into Victim's Abdomen.

Because Felix Kovitski, a farmer of Tenack, N. J., drove off Italians who were stealing his corn and beans, the latter attacked him. One drove a knife into the farmer's abdomen. All escaped. Kovitski's condition is said to be critical.

SBARRETTI GOING TO HAYTI. Former Bishop of Havana to Be New Apostolic Delegate.

ROME, July 25.—Bishop Sbarretti, the former Bishop of Havana, will be ordered to Hayti as Apostolic Delegate, to replace Mr. Toni, Archbishop of Port-au-Prince, so soon as the political situation in the Haytian Republic permits it.

Magistrate Connorton Does Not Believe Men Should Do All the Beating—Tells a Wife to Get a Horsewhip.

In his daily dispensation of justice, wisdom and philosophy Magistrate Connorton in the Long Island City Police Court today gave Mrs. Eva Miller, of No. 195 Main street, Steynway, this advice: "Go get a horsewhip; take it home with you and give your husband a good beating."

Mrs. Miller, who is young and pretty, had a summons issued for Mrs. Julia Abrams, of No. 219 Main street, Steynway, also young and good looking, charging with assault. Mrs. Miller told Magistrate Connorton that Mrs. Abrams had been annoying her for some weeks.

"She looked to my husband from her window every time he goes on the street," complained Mrs. Miller. "And your husband respond?" asked the Magistrate.

"Yes, sir. He went to her house."

"This is no case for me," declared the Magistrate. "If your husband allows another woman to look on him off the street you go get a horsewhip. Take it home with you and give your husband a good beating. He is a married man, has no right to be visiting other married women."

Mrs. Abrams said she had beckoned Miller off the street only once, and that was to tell him his wife had been talking about her and that she wanted a divorce.

"I've got a husband of my own," declared Mrs. Abrams. "I don't want that woman's."

Magistrate Connorton said he thought the case originated through neighborhood gossip.

ONE RUNAWAY GIRL CAUGHT. Ruth Forsberg Found in Boston—Freda Birn Still Missing.

Mrs. Charles Birn, of No. 101 East One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street, announced today that if her fifteen-year-old daughter Freda would return to her home she would be forgiven for having run away from her home with Ruth Forsberg.

Freda and Ruth, who is sixteen years old, ran away from the Birn house several days ago. Mrs. Birn says they took \$181 with them. Mrs. Birn had been caring for the Forsberg girl for the past few months.

Miss Forsberg was caught in Boston and brought back to New York. She was arraigned in Harlem Police Court today and held in \$500 bail, charged with grand larceny.

Ruth told the police she left Freda in Providence.

Sunday Ball in Brooklyn. The Brighton A. C. leaders of the semi-professional league of Brooklyn will play the crack Castleton F. C. of Staten Island, at Brighton Park, Cleveland and Fifth Avenue, tomorrow at 4 o'clock.

Former Champion, Who Is to Meet Jeffries Next May, Points Out the Mistakes Made and the Advantages Gained by Each of the Great Fighters During Their Encounter.

FIRST ROUND.

They came quickly to the centre, Jeff in a half-crouching attitude and both feinting rapidly. Jeffries followed Bob around, feinting with left and looking for an opening. Fitz was the first to lead. He sent a short right jab to the jaw and another a moment later. Jeffries crouched and rushed, but Fitz sidestepped out of the way. Jeff rushed again, and Fitzsimmons smothered his left for the body.

Both of them did a lot of feinting, Jeff finally trying left for the face, but it fell short. He forced his man into the corner, but missed a hard left swing. Then Fitz tried for the face, landing lightly. Jeff sent in a hard left on the body, and Bob countered on the head without damage. Jeff continued to force his man, and when the gong sounded corners he was on the aggressive.

When the champion took his corner his nose was bleeding slightly from one of Fitz's left jabs. He looked confident, however, and sat watching Fitz during the minute's respite.

"BOTH MEN STARTED OUT WRONG."—CORBETT.

That's Jeff out and out. The same old crouch. The same old feint. Fitz first to lead, eh? A jab at that. That will never do. Lefts to the face will never beat Fitz. Fitz should walk up. There's that left of Fitz's to the body. Bob ought to stop that kind of work. Jeff begins to feint, and he's the boy that can feint. Now he tries his left for face and misses. Then Fitz is trying for the face, landing lightly. It was a straight punch. Fitz ought to hook it over or swing. He'll never hurt that big fellow with jabs. Neither man is showing his real form, and as a matter of fact both started bad and we can't judge much. Fitz never was a good first-round fighter. He's showing that right in this round. Jeff, too, is not following his usual style. He seems to be just feeling Fitz out. First blood for Fitz in this round doesn't mean anything.

SECOND ROUND.

Jeff went after Fitz, trying left for head and falling short. Fitz jabbed to the neck and Jeff smiled and forced him to the corner. The lanky fellow quickly side-stepped out of the way. Fitz tried for the head, but was quickly and neatly blocked. Fitz broke ground before Jeff's left, but finally tried a left for the head. It was light, however, and the champion caught it on the shoulder. They exchanged lefts, Bob putting a stiff left on the face.

Jeff crouched lower and sent Fitz back against the ropes with a left body blow. Fitz put two left hooks on the face and got out of the way of the champion's left. Jeff went at him with a stiff left on the head. He got a left jab on the nose that brought blood in a stream from Jeff's nose.

At the close of the round Jeff was somewhat worried, but took matters coolly during the minute's rest. His nose was bleeding freely. Fitz on the other hand, was as cool as a cucumber and was not in the least blown.

"FITZ TRYING TO WIN BY SCIENCE."—CORBETT.

Jeff seems to place a lot of dependence on that left, but Fitz knows enough about science to keep out of the way. Oh, psaw! Bob is jabbing again. He seems to be out to win on science. Another left for the head by Fitz. He must be up in the air. In fact, neither seems to be down to real work yet. Jeff crouches. Watch now, there may be something doing. See. Just as I expected, he sent that left to the body and knocks Fitz against the ropes. Those blows are bad. Fitz comes back with light hooks and jabs. The jabbing will never win for him. Jeff gets over a stiff left to the head and Fitz sends in a jab to the nose and more blood comes from Jeffries. That shouldn't worry Jeff.

THIRD ROUND.

Jeff came up forcing matters. His bloody nose annoyed him a little. He changed his tactics for a moment and stood up straight. Two left leads were blocked by Fitz and a left jab on the sore nose returned. Jeff tried another left but was stopped with a left jab on the face.

In a clinch Jeff pushed Fitz back. Fitz put a stiff one on the nose and Jeff bled freely. Jeffries's cheek was opened with a left hook and more blood flowed. The champion rushed, swinging left and right. They were blocked, but a left caught Bob hard in the stomach. Bob jabbed left to face twice. Jeffries looked worried. The lanky fellow was cool and got out of the way. Jeff's face was covered with blood at the end of the round from his nose and a gash over the right eye. Delaney hustled himself over him between rounds.

"BLEEDING DOESN'T HURT JEFFRIES."—CORBETT.

Jeff forcing matters so soon and up straight. Now is Fitz's chance. He blocks two leads and gets back to Jeff's bad nose and brings the blood in another stream. The bleeding is nothing. It won't affect the big fellow in the least. Fitz is doing well, but I don't like his style. It will never win for him. What's the matter with his right. He ought to get it over pretty soon. Then we could figure its effect on Jeff and know something definite.

That rushing of Jeff looks bad for Fitz. He finally gets his left into Fitz's stomach. That's one of the best blows of the fight so far. A fellow doesn't get over them easily. Fitz is still jabbing. His seconds ought to make him stop it. Bob is cool. He might as well be that way. That blood on Jeffries's face shouldn't worry his backers.

FOURTH ROUND.

Jeff looked enraged as he crouched and clinched his lips. He was very careful and stayed clear of Fitz left jabs. Bob blocked two swings for the head, and got out of the reach of another. A moment later they came together, and exchanged lefts on the face. Fitz put a short right hook on the head, and Jeffries landed left on the chest.

Fitz put Jeff's head back with a left jab and started the blood. Jeffries got another right on head, but came in with two left hooks, one for the head and another for the body. Fitz was going away, however, and the force was broken. Bob led a stiff left to the body, but got a right on the head. Fitz then took a turn at forcing, putting left on face twice and compelling Jeff to duck away.

Jeffries looked worried, as he listened to Delaney's instructions.

"FITZ'S JABS NOT HURTING JEFF."—CORBETT.

It is evident that Fitz's jabs are not hurting Jeff. Jabs are almost useless against such a big fellow. Now that short right hook to the head looks business-like, but Fitz spoils it all by going back to the jabs.

It appears that Jeff is improving now. He's got Fitz going away from him. This is Fitz's mistake. He ought to go in and dig along with the big fellow.

JEFF'S NOSE BROKEN BY FITZ'S HARD JABS.

(Continued from First Page.)

blurred with blood, his eyes puffed, his nose smashed away, his eyes out, his cheeks slashed, his features brutalized by the beating they had received.

It was Jim Jeffries, the huge and hairy champion of the world. They had fought eight terrific rounds, and this was the result. Here was the end of the drama.

Fitz's Last Game Effort.

While the old man lay on his back, money was already changing hands, by thousands and tens of thousands. "Back! get back!" yelled Graney, the referee, to Jeffries.

The big man stepped back like a blood-smear lion before a keeper's whip. Fitzsimmons opened his glassy blue eyes. His head had cocked slowly up in a vague, uncer-

tain way like that of a drunken man. He raised himself to his elbow and from thence to his hands.

If there was one straight thought in his burr-brained brain it was that he must get up and fight some more.

From his hands he toppled over again on his face. Again he essayed to rise, with the white-floored ring reeling under him. This time he got to his feet drunkenly, but again fell back and was counted out.

Never for a moment had the great crowd ceased to yell and cheer. What was a beaten pugilist to them? Had Jeffries been in Fitz's place they would have cheered just as loud and long.

The end came in the eighth round after Fitz had punched and punished the big champion until his face was as bloody as a hunk of raw meat.

"Break! break!" cried the referee. As their big arms fell apart and as Fitz stepped back he smiled and spoke to Jeffries in a low undertone.

Still Fitz is fighting beautifully and scientifically. I think, however, he should go in and mix it. A fellow with a punch like his had ought to take a chance. This hit-and-get-away game is all right if a fellow can keep it up, but I doubt if Fitz can. Fitz's turn at forcing matters in this round isn't important. This putting the left to Jeff's face will never do him much good or Jeffries much harm.

FIFTH ROUND.

They feinted for a moment. Then Jeff led his left for the body, but missed and got a chop on the body. Fitz got a left to Jeff's face, but took left and right on the body. Jeffries forced Fitz to the ropes and put left and right on face twice. Fitz clinched, and when they broke sent in two body blows from left and right delivered from the hips. They clinched repeatedly.

Fitz put a terrific right on the jaw and a moment later a left on face. Jeff cut Fitz's right cheek with a left. They fought rapidly, Fitz cutting Jeff's face with his left and putting right on head. Jeffries was bleeding freely and was tired. Just before the close of the round Fitz put a right over Jeff's left eye, cutting it and bringing blood.

Jeff was not winded, but was bleeding from the nose, left eye and right cheek. The only mark on Fitz was a slight abrasion on the right cheek.

"THIS ROUND IS THE REAL THING."—CORBETT.

Now, this round reads like the real thing. Jeff has got Fitz slugging. That's a good sign for Fitz if he is slugging and not tired, but I think he must be tired. Fitz seldom slugs when he is good. He usually falls into that style if he finds things going the other fellow's way. It's his method of getting in the finisher. All his fights have proved this.

Yes! They clinch and break and slug and Fitz seems to be doing well. It's a safe bet he's taking that same old long chance.

His seconds, however, shouldn't allow him to rough it too much. That kind of fighting will do more to tire him than affect Jeff. In fact Jeff will wear him down if he continues in short order. Don't think I'm not giving Fitz credit for his showing. He's doing surprisingly well, and they say he's an old fellow.

SIXTH ROUND.

Jeffries came up and crouched low. He missed his first attempt with a left on the head. He rushed, but the wily Australian blocked every blow and got out of the way. Fitz put a right on Jeff's head, one on the body and another on the nose. Jeffries broke ground and ducked out of the way. They exchanged lefts on the head, Fitz's being the most damaging.

Jeff rushed again and again, but he was smothered and took three lefts and a right on the face. Jeff rushed Fitz to the ropes but got a right and left on the face which started the blood afresh. Fitz showed remarkable cleverness in getting away from rushes. His left jabs were cutting, and just as the gong sounded he put another on Jeff's sore mouth and nose.

"JEFF IS TAKING A PUNCHING WELL."—CORBETT.

Jeff is taking punching gracefully. A man that can stand up and take wall-p after wall-p from Fitz isn't a weakling. This fellow Jeffries is a wonder for taking hard knocks. If he hurt him no one but himself knows it. He's not taking any more than he can help, though. His ducks in this round seemed timely. His rushes at Fitz are not so effective as I thought they would be. Notice how Fitz gets out of the way of some of them? Well, that shows, as I said before, that Bob is trying to go the scientific route, but a chap must know more than Bob to bring that style out on top against Jeffries. Fitz's jabs may be cutting Jeff, but I don't believe they are worrying him any extent. Wonder to me is that Fitz doesn't use that famous right of his more often.

SEVENTH ROUND.

Jeffries showed up well and rushed Fitz determinedly. He put left on the body, but took left and right on the head. Neither was damaging, however, and when a moment later they came together Jeffries put two terrific swings on the body and head. Jeff wore a determined look. As he stopped to spit Fitz jabbed him three times in the mouth and forced him to the ropes.

Jeffries came back like an enraged bull and, bleeding from the nose, mouth and cheek, he rushed the smaller man to the ropes, putting left on body and right over the ear. Fitz stood him off, however, with left jabs, occasionally sending left to the head. Jeffries sent left to the head and in the clinch they carried on a conversation Fitz smiling good naturedly, while Jeffries was bleeding and presented a terrible appearance. He was not tired, however, and took it easy in the wait.

"JEFF NOW DOING REAL WORK."—CORBETT.

Now Jeff seems to be down to real work. His swings at Fitz's body will go a good ways toward bringing the fight to a sudden end. I don't think it can last much longer. If Fitz stays ten rounds, the way he's getting it now, he'll surprise me. Still the old man is at it with the jabs to the face. Jeff, of course, is bleeding, but that's nothing.

Phew! That left to the body, followed by a right to the ear, seems to be the beginning of the end for Fitz.

Jeff probably misjudged that one to the ear. If he got it to the jaw I think it would have ended matters right there. Fitz is making a game resistance and seems to be cool enough. Jeff isn't tired. No. It takes a lot to tire that fellow.

EIGHTH ROUND.

Bob stood straight up, feinting with his left and drawing Jeffries on. Jeff smiled through his bloody features, ducking a left swing and landing a hard left on the ribs. They went at it, Fitz putting left on face and took one on the head. Fitz missed a right and took a stiff punch on the body.

Jeff forced the fighting at this stage, crouching low and carrying his right high and left far back. They came together and clinched. As Fitz stepped back he smiled and spoke to Jeffries, and before he could get out of reach Jeffries quickly hooked his left on the jaw, and Fitzsimmons went down on his back. He came up slowly, but before he could get up on both feet the referee counted ten, and the fight was over.

"THERE COMES THE KNOCKOUT."—CORBETT.

Bob is trying to draw Jeff on, eh? He won't have to draw hard. I don't wonder that Jeff smiles. After that last round the big fellow can afford to smile. He seems to have let Fitz go along at his own gait; still, he was getting chopped up meanwhile. I think Fitz should have gone in earlier or before he fired himself up to this stage Fitz has shown poor judgment. Everybody knows he has a good punch, or at least I do. He should have tried for it from the first gong.

That left of Jeff's to the ribs is a bone-booser, but the old man comes back gamely with his left. (He must have his right in a sling.) Jeff must know his man thoroughly now, for he's forcing the fighting. After that clinch, I wonder what Fitz said. Maybe he didn't expect that left hook to the jaw. Jeff seems to have been well balanced when he landed it. I don't wonder that Fitz goes down. I thought that would be the finisher. Fitz tries to get up, but time overtakes him and he is counted out.

From the report I received of the fight I have a firmer conclusion than ever that a scientific fighter, with proper judgment, stands an excellent chance of beating Jeffries. As I have said above, or before I knew how the fight would result, Fitz used bad judgment, but what put up a very creditable exhibition.

He was still within reach when speaking.

All Up with the Old Man.

Quicker than a flash Jeffries' big left arm described the segments of a circle and caught Fitz flush on the point of the jaw.

It was all up with the old man. His knees gave way limply and he went to the floor with a crash. He rolled over on his back and lay still until the referee had counted five.

He struggled vainly to raise but was counted out.

HERE'S A NOVEL IDEA.

If the proposition offered the officials of the Saratoga Racing Association by F. J. Bilton, of Pensacola, Fla., an extensive operator in Beaumont, O., is accepted it is expected that the track will be faster and safer than ever before.

THRONGS GREET THEIR BISHOP.

Rt. Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, of Brooklyn, Met Down the Bay by a Big Delegation.

Bishop Charles E. McDonnell, of Brooklyn, received a monster reception by the Catholic clergy and laity of his diocese on his return from Rome this morning.

One hundred priests and five hundred laymen went down to the Bay at 5 o'clock this morning to greet the prelate at Quarantine. A brass band blared welcome to the prelate and he was taken aboard the Cepheus and brought back to the Bridge Dock, Brooklyn.

Bishop McDonnell and the party of pilgrims made the trip to Rome with him held an informal reception on the Cepheus on the way up the bay. The delegation had been favored with a private audience by the Pope.

Bishop McDonnell spoke feelingly of the death of Archbishop Corrigan. He said the Archbishop's successor had reached Rome at the time of his departure. McDonnell was prominently mentioned for the place and was said to have been Archbishop Corrigan's choice.

Former Police Commissioner Bernard J. York made an address of welcome to which the Bishop replied. He said he was glad to be home after a three months' absence. He appreciated the demonstration and said it reminded him of the receptions accorded to the bishops in the Middle Ages, when the people used to go out to greet them. He had visited Rome, Paris and Lourdes, and had a good time, and was now back prepared for work. He had seen the Holy Father, who was in good health.

THE EARL OF MINTO, Governor-General of Canada, the Countess and their family arrived in New York today on the American line steamer Philadelphia, this being the date fixed for Mr. Reid's return after the announcement made that the coronation of King Edward must be indefinitely postponed.

Under the special command of King Edward the royal esquire, Lieut.-Col. Sir Fleetwood Edwards, who has been in attendance on Mr. Reid, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Reid to the train, where they were met by members of the special and regular emissaries of the United States.

ROYAL ESCORT BY ORDER OF KING EDWARD ESCORTS CORONATION AMBASSADOR to the Steamer at Southampton.

LONDON, July 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid sailed today for New York from Southampton on board the American line steamer Philadelphia, this being the date fixed for Mr. Reid's return after the announcement made that the coronation of King Edward must be indefinitely postponed.

Under the special command of King Edward the royal esquire, Lieut.-Col. Sir Fleetwood Edwards, who has been in attendance on Mr. Reid, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Reid to the train, where they were met by members of the special and regular emissaries of the United States.

ROY KILLED BY TRUCK. James J. O'Brien, a twelve-year-old boy, died in Roosevelt Hospital today from injuries received in being run over by a truck. The lad was playing in the street in front of his home, No. 550 West Forty-second street, when he was run down by a horse attached to a delivery truck. He was knocked down and both wheels passed over his body.

SISTER CYRILLA DYING. Victim of King's Bullet in a Critical Condition.

At the New York Foundling Asylum Sister Cyrilla's condition today was reported as critical. Two attempts have been made to locate the bullet with the X-rays but without avail. It is now understood that no further efforts will be made.

Sister Cyrilla and Sister Angela were shot on Thursday of last week by Henry J. King, a young man whose mind was apparently affected through brooding over his inability to learn the names of his parents.

VIRGINIA OUT OF RACES. Vanderbilt's 70-Footer Will Not Take Part in N. Y. Y. C. Cruise.

NEWPORT, July 25.—The Virginia, the 70-footer owned by William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., will not take part in the cruise of the New York Yacht Club and other races of the season to take place here.

The absence of Mr. Vanderbilt in Europe has no doubt caused the yacht to be withdrawn. Mr. Vanderbilt, cabled from England recently ordering the crew, with the exception of the captain and mates, to be released.

JUST THINK. You Can Think When the Food Makes Your Brain Work.

The mind does not work properly unless the right kind of food is furnished. A young man studying telegraphy said that his progress was very slow. It seemed impossible for him to pick up the art and understand it.

He suffered continually with stomach trouble and indigestion. His food properly, and he finally got so he could do but little work and was tempted to give up his studies altogether.

About that time some one told him about the brain food Grape-Nuts, and he went for it. In a short time a very remarkable change took place. His stomach recovered, and he became free from headaches. His hand was no longer nervous and trembling when he used the key, and the whole mystery of telegraphy unfolded itself for him, as he says, "I had the mental power to master it, and the understanding came easy when the mind was in peace and strong."